



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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NO. 22.

SELECT TALES.

From the Saturday Courier.

Isabel, the Orphan.

A NARRATIVE OF TRUTH.

[Concluded.]

In the meanwhile, the party who had been left began very suddenly to alter their opinion of our friend Dick. Miss Simper remarked with a sneer 'that these city gentlemen make a great parade, but all is not gold that shines.' And Aunt Katharine, who was in high dudgeon at the manner in which her ladyship had been treated, began confidentially to caution the young ladies against the stranger, who, as she strongly suspected, was no better than he ought to be. In these insinuations, the spruce young beaux of S. to whom our hero had been an unconscious object of envy, openly joined. The consequence was, that in a few days the report was rife, and very generally believed, that Mr. Bellepont, as he called himself, was nothing more nor less than a libertine and blackleg, with whom it was a dangerous as disreputable to associate.

But Dick, to whom these rumors did not fail to come, gave himself little trouble about them.—He was perfectly willing to confine his visits to the little cottage, where he was ever sure of a welcome reception, and alike gave and received pleasure. He was, to tell the truth, in love; and all the symptoms of his disorder were visible in his manner and conduct. Night after night he went with his flute to accompany Isabel on her reclaimed piano. The latest publications and best periodicals of the day found their way to her table. And numberless little presents were heaped upon her with a lavish hand and in a manner that would take no denial. In fine, Mrs. Mantou began to have some alarm as to the result of all this, and resolved to come to an explanation. But her purpose was prevented by the abrupt departure of Mr. Bellepont, who was called away by the illness of an uncle, of whom he was the heir and adopted son.

In the meanwhile, however, the inmates of the cottage were assured of his remem-

brance, by the weekly reception, through the village mail, of the various periodicals of the day. Mrs. Mantou also received from him an occasional letter, informing her of his situation, and full of warm expressions of friendship for herself and Isabel, and of his best wishes for their welfare.

Spring came, and still Mr. Bellepont lingered at the bedside of his sick uncle. At length there came to the post-office a packet, (postage paid) addressed to Mrs. Mantou. Its singular appearance excited not less surprise in her to whom it was addressed, than it did curiosity in the wife of the postmaster, who would have given her best cup of tea to have learned the contents. On opening it, Mrs. Mantou found it to consist of several letters, enclosed in an envelope, addressed to herself. Two of them were from the well-known hand of the former acquaintance of her husband and herself, Mr. T. a wealthy and respectable merchant, and Dr. —, an eminent clergyman of Mr. Bellepont's native city, and the other from Mr. Bellepont himself. The first contained the highest recommendations of the character and prospects of our hero, and the last a formal proposal for her daughter's hand. He informed her that the recent death of his uncle, while it had added a new accession to his already ample fortune, had left him no relatives sufficiently near to claim any voice in his matrimonial destinies. He was entirely his own master, and that nothing was wanting to his happiness but her own and her daughter's consent. If she approved of his addresses, he begged her to keep the matter a secret from her daughter, as he was desirous of receiving her decision from her own sweet lips.

CHAPTER III.

Isabel Mantou had sauntered out on a lovely afternoon, to enjoy the beauties of a sunset in spring, and inhale the freshness of the evening breeze. The earth was in its richest and most gorgeous dress. All around was spread a profusion of verdure and magnificence. She stood in a retired valley, beneath the shade of an ancient grove, and by the sparkling waters of a little brook, which

went rejoicing on its way through its devious banks. I say she stood awhile to see and admire, and catch the influence of a genuine New England scene. It was nature in *dishabille*—unkempt and unshorn; but even the picturesque wildness of the place lent it an unusual charm.—Her mind was in unison with the spirit of the spot, and she gave herself up to her agreeable reveries. Far be it from me to attempt to divine a young lady's meditations. Whether a young man of the form and fashion of our hero entered into them or not, is a question that I am not prepared to answer. And whether the maiden gave shelter to any surmises respecting his absence, and questioned herself as to its duration, I am as absolutely in the dark as yourself, my dear reader.

But her musings, whatever they were, were interrupted by the sound of a footstep. She turned and uttered a cry of surprise, at the sight of the very identical man himself—Richard Bellepont. She did not say that she was glad to see him as he shook her hand. But the gratified lover read even more than this in her kindling eye and flushed cheek, and, above all, in the slight degree of embarrassment apparent in her manner. The usual salutations were past, and the usual questions were asked and answered, and foreign topics having been exhausted, they began to turn their attention to their present situation, and the scene around them. Dick remarked upon the loveliness of the place.

'One more picturesque and beautiful can scarcely be conceived.'

'I am glad you think so,' said Isabel. 'It has long been to me one of the dearest places on earth, and of course I am glad to hear it praised. Yet no one else can have the same associations connected with it as I have. It was the favorite haunt of my childhood, and one which my dear brother Ernest loved,' she added with a sigh and a momentary look of mournful abstraction.

'There is nothing,' at length said Dick, in a solemn and subdued tone, 'that hallows the haunts of the living like the memory of the dead.'

Isabel looked inquiringly in his face, as if she would have him proceed.

'I once had a sister like yourself, my dear Miss Mantou,—beautiful, and affectionate and accomplished. We were left orphans at a very early and tender age, with few relatives or friends to care for us. We grew up together—we were all in all to each other. We shared each other's joys, and soothed each other's sorrows. In fine, she was my idol,—and he paused a moment, heaved a sigh, and proceeded.

'I have stood for hours in the grove in the rear of the abode of our childhood, to enjoy that luxury of bereavement—the recollection of her whom I have lost. It was her favorite retreat, and every tree and shrub was a memento of her presence. I have there thought that it could not be a superstition to deem that the dead frequent the haunts which they loved in life; that their spirits hover around us as we linger there; and that there are spots where the departed are nearer to the mourners of their loss.'

'Oh! and I have thought so a thousand times,' said Isabel; 'and I own I should feel very unhappy did I know it was nothing but fancy. It is a consolation to feel that death does not entirely sever us from the loved we have lost; and that the spirits of the dead are at times around us, and near us, though we know it and see it not.'

'It is indeed a soothing creed; and none can know how much so but those who, like myself, have seen the last of their kindred who cared for them consigned to the dust.'

'You have no brothers or sisters then?'

'None. When I recently buried my uncle, the earth covered the last and only being who owns my relationship.'

They proceeded for a moment in silence.

'It is melancholy,' at length continued he, 'to feel that one is alone; that the circle of his childhood is broken and vanished, and that strangers tread its walks, and dwell beneath its roof. I have often felt a sensation of solitude, stronger than I can express, to think that to me there is no hearth of home—no domestic sanctuary to which I can withdraw myself from the sterner and stormier scenes of life.'

'Yet one like Mr. Bellepont, who is surrounded with the objects of his bounty and benevolence, can certainly never want friends.'

'You speak the mere cold words of gratitude,' said he, taking her hand. 'I would—I could teach you to speak another language—the sweet accents of love. Pardon me, my dear Miss Mantou, if I reveal the state of my heart—if I say that upon this little hand rests the happiness of my life. May I hope?'

Blushing and embarrassed, Isabel uttered the name of her mother.

'I have both her consent to my suit, and

good wishes for its success; and reading his fortune in her half-averted eyes, and blushing face, with the privilege of an accepted lover, he imprinted his first kiss upon her cheek.

After a few weeks of sweet society with his 'ladye-love,' Bellepont again departed to his native city. In the meanwhile, neither rumor nor scandal had been silent in respect to the mysterious intimacy which had grown up betwixt him and the inmates of the cottage. Doubts, and innuendoes and sneers began to circulate. Our hero was set down for a worthless and unprincipled adventurer, whose frequent visits to the Mantous was a scandal to the whole neighborhood. The further these whispers and slanders went, the stronger and louder they grew, until at length it was solemnly believed, by the good inhabitants of S. that Mrs. Mantou and her daughter were a discredit to their names and sex.

The village busy-body took care that the unconscious objects of this public reproach should not be uninformed in matters which concerned them so nearly; and yet the news, although it created surprise and pain, appeared rather ludicrous than otherwise to the ladies aforesaid. And the pious Mrs. Quidnunc was inexpressibly shocked to hear her solemn accusations converted into a subject of merriment.

The matter took a still more serious turn.—Mrs. Mantou was a church member; and Deacon Styles actually made a motion in the ecclesiastical conclave that an affair so shameful to the church, and injurious to the cause, should be investigated. Parson Prosper was accordingly commissioned to call upon this lady, to interrogate, confess, and, if necessary, to caution and censure her as to her past and future walk and conversation.

Mrs. Mantou was a woman unusually dignified and commanding in her mein and manners—and the poor parson, when he called upon her the next day to perform the object of his mission, began to realize that it was full as difficult as it was disagreeable. He was an ordinary, good kind of a man, without any very delicate sense of propriety, or particular sensibility of feelings. His chief object was, in his parochial duties, to command those who obeyed him i. e. the parson-ridden part of his congregation, and to obey those who commanded him, viz: the more wealthy and influential portion of his flock. But when the reverend man looked in the pale and still attractive face of her who was the offending subject of his censure, and came within the influence of her reserved yet polite reception, his courage failed him. He felt that it was no easy matter to meet the mild but proud glance of that eye, and speak serious-

ly of the scandalous reports which were in circulation.

He sat and talked, and hemmed and hawed before he dared to touch upon the delicate topic. At length, with much stammering and hesitation, he broached the subject of his visit. He commenced at first doubtingly, but gathering confidence by degrees, he proceeded with more boldness. He spoke of the shameful rumors abroad—of the intimacy betwixt the stranger gentleman and her daughter, so disreputable to the latter—of the fact that Mr. Bellepont had actually been seen (by one of Deacon Styles' boys) to embrace Miss Isabel in his arms, while walking with her in the woods, &c. And moreover it was apparent that the intercourse betwixt the said Mr. Bellepont and her daughter was connived at by her since it was notorious to the whole neighborhood that he was accustomed to spend his evenings to a very late and unreasonable hour at her house.

And then the character of Mr. Bellepont was any thing but fair in the neighborhood; it was more than suspected that he was an unprincipled debauchee and gambler.

'Sir,' said Mrs. Mantou, calmly and proudly, with a look which made the parson quail, 'How long have these stories which you speak of been in circulation?'

'It has been some months,' was the reply.

'And you have been listening to them seriously for that time—nay, have believed them?'

He was silent.

'Have helped to give them currency—have sat still and even heard the name of the widow of your old friend scandalized and defamed, and that too, in the walls of the sanctuary, within the pale of the church—and have never spoken a word or made an effort to defend her.'

'I—I—you—you—,' stammered the parson.

'Sir, you know that I am not what I was. You know that affliction, bereavement and poverty have been my portion. And you know, too, that had not fortune frowned upon me, and had I been, as once, the mistress of yonder mansion, you never would have dared even to lend an ear to these vile and malicious calumnies, much less presumed, as you have to-day, to insult me with their repetition. It is you sir, who have countenanced and circulated these rumors; you—who have thus suffered the church to become an engine of defamation, and who have aided in adding dishonor to poverty, and reproach to poverty and sickness—it is you who deserve the heaviest censure. I will not reproach you with ingratitude. I will not call to your mind the past benefits which you have received at the hands of my dear husband, and apparently forgotten. I leave you to your own reflections. God forgive you as I do. Your arm,'

said she, rising, 'Isabel, I think I had better lie down.'

'You are sick, mother,' said the daughter, observing with alarm the paleness of her face.

'No—it is nothing—it will soon be over—I feel a little faintness;' and bidding the parson good morning, she left the room.

But we must hasten to a conclusion. Some weeks after this the village of S. was one Saturday evening thrown into uncommon excitement by the arrival of Mr. Bellepont, with another gentleman, in a splendid coach, drawn by two beautiful bays. Report spread the noise of this event, and conjecture was busy to ascertain the cause. On the next morning, when the people had assembled at church, they were surprised to see the strange gentleman—the companion of Mr. Bellepont—ushered into the pulpit by their pastor. It was soon made known that the reverend stranger was the great Dr. —, one of the most distinguished clergymen of the day.

But still greater surprise reigned through the congregation when the clerk arose and proclaimed that Richard Bellepont of the city of —, and Isabel Mantou, of S. intended marriage. Dr. — conducted the services in his usual elegant and inimitable style; and the members of the church having been requested to remain after the congregation had retired, he remarked to them 'that he hoped they would indulge him a moment, while, at the request of a friend, he alluded to a delicate subject, in which that friend was concerned. It has been a matter of extreme regret to Mr. Bellepont, that his intentions, and motives, and character, during his former visits to this place, have been so misconstrued as to become a matter of reproach to a worthy family, with which he is soon to be united by nearer ties. It might seem inappropriate to the time and place to touch upon this topic, had it not been that the church (as he understood,) had deemed it one sufficiently serious for their consideration. With regard to Mr. Bellepont, perhaps it might be well to add, that those who knew him would as soon give credit to scandalous reports concerning myself as him. And as to Mrs. Mantou, those of you who have known her for years, can best tell whether the defamatory rumors which have been current at her expense, are more dishonorable to her, or to those who have circulated and believed them.'

Deacon Styles looked blue.

There was a private wedding next day at the cottage: and the happy couple, with Mrs. Mantou and Dr. —, started for the city of —. There the mother and daughter, installed as the presiding mistresses of Mr. Bellepont's splendid mansion, enjoy the esteem and admiration of the high and fashionable circle which their talents, virtues and attractions call around them.

From the Boston Pearl.

The White Horseman.

BY A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

The cry is still, 'They come!'—SHAKESPEARE.

THE heavy tramp of the regulars as their solid columns moved amid the darkness toward Concord, was heard with indignation by the waking inhabitants of the country. The hardy yeoman, as he leaped from his pallet and glared through the window at the passing show, was at first at a loss to conjecture on what errand these well trained warriors had been sent; but instantly recollecting that there was a depository of arms and provisions at Concord, which Americans had at much trouble collected, he made no doubt that this strong detachment of the British army had been commissioned to take possession of them. There was something provokingly cruel in the eyes of the Americans, in thus depriving them of the very humble means of defence which they had been able to procure; and, although they did not immediately form the resolution of drawing the blood of these incendiaries, yet the murmur of disapprobation ran from house to house, until the whole of the surrounding country were aroused from their pillows, and anxiously awaited the result of their movements. It was in a large building a few miles below Lexington, that a family who had been early made acquainted with the approach of the British hirelings resided. They were up and doing long before the arrival of the troops. The girls assisted their brothers in putting on their equipments, and the old man saddled the horses for his sons. As these lads were about starting for the purpose of watching the career of the regulars when they should arrive at Concord, a young man drove swiftly up to the door, and bade the volunteers good morning. Captain Roe, burst from the lips of all present, save one young and blooming lass, who hung her head, and sighed deeply.—This man was apparently under thirty years of age; of middling stature and dark eyes, which now gleamed with fire. He spoke a few hasty words in an under tone, to the armed peasant boys to which they replied by grasping their firelocks and hastily mounting their steeds. 'Not one word has he spoken to me,' sighed the pensive girl. Quick as thought, the young captain sprang to the ground, and giving a hearty embrace, promised to be with her in a few hours. No answer was returned by the desponding fair one, but she clenched her hands and raised her pallid face to Heaven as if engaged in inward prayer. There she stood, in statue like silence, until the sound of the departed horses' hoofs had died away. Then turning to her mother, who had remained by her side, she softly said, 'I shall never see him more!'

'Foolish girl,' said her mother, 'do you

suppose that Captain Roe intends to attack the British army with a handful of plough-boys? There will be no fighting, depend upon it.'

But the sound of approaching horsemen driving swiftly along by the by-paths and the main road convinced the trembling girl, that the number was not small who were already up in arms for the defence of their rights, their hearth stones, and their liberties. The two females shrank into the house oppressed by feelings strange and new.

The young men with Captain Roe at their head drove off toward Lexington, and halted at a barn on the roadside, at the distance of two miles from that village. Here were already assembled about forty youths, whose lack of equipments and unmilitary bearing was compensated by sturdy limbs hard embrowned visages, and sinewy arms.

'Now, my dear fellows,' said Roe in a hasty, but not agitated tone, 'we are strong enough to march. We shall be joined by others. The Cambridge boys are wide awake, and have gone to Concord already; and I have seen a few old men galloping out to enjoy the morning air. The country is rising all around us.'

The rude volunteers gave three loud cheers, and at once formed in marching order. The little band struck out into the high road, but before they had reached Lexington, they were obliged to turn into the by-way as the rapid advance of the British endangered their safety. Having arrived at Lexington, Capt. Roe called his men to a halt, and besought them sooner to sell their lives than be driven from the position they had taken. This charge appeared to be needless, as they had no intention of firing upon the enemy, and it was not to be expected that the regulars would assault unoffending men. While this little company was resting behind the village church, many squads of Americans dashed by them on their way to Concord, but Capt. Roe maintained his position with the view of harassing the enemy if they should attempt any violence to the village. Just as the morning dawned, the hasty tramp of men was heard by the little band, and in a moment afterwards, the British commander wheeled his steed upon the plain where they stood, and waving his sword, commanded them to throw down their arms and disperse. The Americans were not fast in acknowledging the authority of the epauletted caitiff, and, in an instant a shower of British balls cut down nearly half of the little company, and put the rest to flight. Captain Roe was among the slain. The women and children of Lexington fled from their houses over the hills, filling the air with their cries. There was one old man by the name of Hezekiah Wyman, the window of whose house overlooked the ground where

these murders were committed; and no sooner did he see his brave countrymen fall than he inwardly devoted himself to revenge the unhallowed slaughter.

'Wife,' said he, is there not an old gun-barrel somewhere in the garret?'—

'I believe there was,' said she, 'but pray what do you want to do with it?'

'I should like to see if it is fit for service,' replied he, 'if I am not mistaken, it is good enough to drill a hole through a rig'lar.'

'Mercy on me husband! are you going mad? An old man like you—sixty years last November—to talk of going to war!—I should think you had seen enough of the British already. There lies poor Capt. Roe and his men bleeding on the grass, before your eyes. What can you do with a gun?'

The old man made no reply, but ascended the stairs and soon returned with a rusty gun barrel in his hands. In spite of his wife's incessant din, he went to the shop, made a stock for it, and put it in complete order for use. He then saddled a strong white horse, and mounted him.—He gave the steed the rein, and directed his course toward Concord. He met the regulars returning, and was not long in perceiving that there was a wasp's nest about their ears. He dashed so closely upon the flank of the enemy that his horse's neck was drenched with the spouting blood of the wounded soldiers. Then reining back his snorting steed to re-load he dealt a second death upon the ranks with his never failing bullet. The tall gaunt form of the assailant, his grey locks floating on the breeze, and color of his steed distinguished him from the rest of the Americans, and the regulars gave him the name of 'Death on the pale horse.' A dozen bullets whizzed by his head, when he made the first assault, but undismayed, the old patriot continued to prance his gay steed over the heads of the foot soldiers—to do his own business faithfully, in the belief that others did wrong by firing at him, it would be no more excuse to do wrong by sparing the hireling bullies of a tyrannical government. At length a vigorous charge of the bayonet drove the old man and his party with which he was acting far from the main body of the British.—Hezekiah was also out of ammunition, and was compelled to pick up some on the road before he could return to the charge. He then came on again, and picked off an officer by sending a slug through his loyal brains, before he was again driven off.—But ever and anon, through the smoke that curled about the flanks of the detachment, could be seen the white horse of the veteran for a moment, the report of his piece was heard, and the sacred person of one of his Majesty's faithful servants was sure to measure his length on rebel ground. Thus did Hezekiah and his neighbours con-

tinue to harass the retreating foe, until the Earl of Percy appeared with a thousand troops from Boston. The two detachments of the British were now two thousand strong, and they kept off the Americans with their artillery while they took a hasty meal. No sooner had they again commenced their march, than the powerful white horse was seen careering at full speed over the hills, with the dauntless old Yankee on his back.

'Ha!' cried the soldiers, 'there is that old fellow again on the white horse!—Look out for yourselves, for one of us has got to die, in spite of Fate!' And one of them did die, for Hezekiah's aim was too true, and his principles of economy would not admit of his wasting powder or ball.—Through the whole of that bloody road between Lexington and Cambridge, the fatal approaches of the white horsemen were dreaded by the trained Britons, and every wound inflicted by Hezekiah needed no repeating. They comforted themselves by conjecture that he had at length paid the forfeit of his temerity, as, on reaching Cambridge, the regulars missed the old man and horse—and that his steed had gone home with a bloody bridle and empty saddle. Not so. Hezekiah had only lingered for a moment to aid in a plot which had been laid by *Anni Cutter*, for taking their baggage wagons and their guards. *Anni* had planted about fifty old rusty muskets under a stone wall, with the muzzles directed toward the road. As the waggons arrived opposite this battery, the muskets were discharged, and eight horses, together with some soldiers were sent out of existence. The party of soldiers, who had the baggage in charge, ran to a pond and plunging their muskets into the water, surrendered themselves to an old woman called Mother Barberick, who was at that time digging roots in an adjacent field. A party of Americans re-captured the gallant Englishmen from Mother Barberick, and placed them in safe keeping. The captives were exceedingly astonished at the suddenness of the attack, and declared that the Yankees would rise up like the muschetoos out of a marsh, and kill them. This *chit d'auvre* having been concluded, the harassed soldiers were again amazed by the appearance of Hezekiah, whose white horse was conspicuous among the now countless assailants that rose up from every hill and dell, copse and wood, through which the bleeding regiments, like a wounded snake, held their toilsome way. His fatal aim was taken, and a soldier fell at every discharge of his piece. Even after the worried troops had entered Charleston there was no escape for them from the deadly bullets of the restless veteran. The appalling white horse would suddenly and unexpectedly dash out from a brake, or from behind a rock, and the whiz-

zing of his bullet was the precursor of death. He followed the enemy to their very boats: and then turning his horse's head, returned unharmed to his household.

'Where have you been, husband?'

'Picking cherries,' replied Hezekiah—but he forgot to add that he had first made cherries of the red coats by putting the *pits* into them.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Appendix of the Gazetteer of Missouri.

Blackbird.

THE principal chief of the Omaha tribe of Indians, the location of whose village is sixty miles above Council Bluffs, and on the same side, the right bank of the river, died A. D. 1802. He was a brave, of iron nerves and unlimited ambition. The authority which an Indian exercises is at first obtained by winning the approbation of the people of the tribe, in the same manner that a white politician obtains the suffrages of his countrymen. There is a small difference in the moral qualities which distinguish the white and red man. The former, it is believed, could never recommend himself by horse-stealing; whereas the red aspirant is esteemed honorable in proportion to the grand larcenies he may be able to perpetrate: and this engaging quality of horse-stealing is esteemed a virtue, next in grade to that of taking scalps. An Indian, therefore, has a table on his war-club, with two columns, in which he enters, in hieroglyphics, the number of those transactions of each class that are to render him illustrious. Although the government of Indian tribes is generally of a democratic character, yet there are many instances where the popularity of a chief enables him to encroach on the freedom of his countrymen extensively; and there are occasions where great achievements in war and in horse-stealing enable a chief to attain absolute authority. This despotism is, however, generally fixed by the united exertions of the chief and prophet, or big medicine-man. The instances of Tecumseh and his prophet, and Black Hawk and his prophet, show that the ambitious red man, like a white prince, unites church and state in his strides to absolute power. The subject of this biography had likewise the efficient aid of a cunning medicine-man, who furnished mental prescriptions for the people of his nation, and imposed, on the superstitious, magic incantations.

Blackbird had distinguished himself in the usual manner, and was acknowledged principal chief. The usual authority was conceded with cheerfulness. But Blackbird was not content with the executive duties and patriarchal authority of a democracy, and the honors attending such distinguished trust. In order to effect his purposes he had tried, in

vain, all the force of military achievement, the influence of grand-larceny and the power of eloquence. He had called in to his aid the juggling cunning of his medicine-man, with no better success. There existed in the nation a party of stern warriors, who valued freedom as highly as white patriots. They were unyielding in their opposition to the usurpations of Blackbird. He denominated this party a faction, or a 'bad mocasson band'; but his reproaches were disregarded. The ambitious aspirant meditated their destruction. Blackbird desired the trader who supplied his nation with merchandise, to bring him, from St. Louis, some 'strong medicine' which he believed the whites possessed, that he might destroy the wolves of the prairies. The trader subsequently supplied a quantity of crude arsenic. Soon after the chief had tried his experiments, to test the force of the poison, the disaffected braves were invited to a dog-feast at the lodge of the chief. Blackbird professed to them a disposition to heal all party dissensions, and sixty of the factious warriors sat down with him to the dog-soup, which is esteemed a great delicacy. When all had done ample justice to the hospitality of the entertainer, the pipe was passed; and when this dessert was lending its happy influence to the circle of warriors, Blackbird arose to speak. He reminded his children of their factious course in opposing his authority—authority that he claimed to derive from the 'Master of Life'; and for confirmation of this suggestion he appealed to his medicine-man near him; 'and,' continued he, 'that Omahas may forever remember that Blackbird has the entire control of their destinies, every factious dog of you shall die before the sun rises again! I have said it, and Blackbird never lies!' The whole party, on hearing this unsparing denunciation, in wild affright ran howling out of the lodge of their chief. Sixty warriors expired that night. During the life of the chief, his authority was never again opposed in the slightest particular.

It was his practice, when the trader arrived with the annual supply of merchandise in the Omaha village, to inquire of him how great an amount of furs and peltries he required for his entire stock. The chief then selected from the assortment as great a variety and amount as he would need for his own use, and for his numerous family. When this had been arranged, and an account had been opened with the nation by the trader, the warriors were required to furnish the number of beaver-skins, robes and buffalo-tongues that the trader desired to obtain in exchange for his goods. In this off-hand manner the chief drew his revenues and the trader realized his profits, during all the subsequent reign of the despot. This rude dignity was

becoming inactive; and when his braves and hunters were toiling to sustain the reputation of the Omahas in war, or to subsist the people with the products of the chase, the chief and his prime-minister, the medicine-man, were reposing in the village. It was the custom of the chief to indulge, in warm weather, in the *siesta despues comer*, or sleep after dinner. While in the enjoyment of this luxury, he took occasion to make it the more perfect by the polite attentions of his wives. He had six of these, and they formed three relieves. Two were employed while he slept, one scratching his back and the other fanning his highness with the tail of a turkey! If it was ever important to ask his instructions in the affairs of the nation when he chanced to be sleeping, there was only one person in the village who would venture to awaken the chief. This was the medicine-man; and his manner of approaching him was on his hands and feet, with the utmost humility and circumspection. When awakened with a feather cautiously drawn over the soles of his feet, if he made a discouraging motion with the hand, the application was abandoned. But if he beckoned the applicant to approach, the chief was respectfully invited to attend 'a dog-feast which has been provided for my father.'

Blackbird was a respectable warrior, and had attained his early popularity by conquest; but the distinction he most coveted was unlimited power in his own nation. When he had attained this he became pacific toward the neighboring nations. But a partisan leader had taken a Pawnee girl, who was, by command of the medicine-man, to be sacrificed at the stake. The son of Blackbird had seen her, and interposed in council to save her life. He laid down all the moveable property he possessed, and urged the purchase of the girl from her captor. He was inflexible, and persisted in his vow to sacrifice her to the Great Spirit. The council approved the vow, for Blackbird had permitted it. When, on the day appointed, the captive was led out to execution, young Split Cloud, son of the chief, was seen leading his buffalo-horse, not far from the head of the column where the victim was marching. After the medicine-man, with the captive and a few old warriors, had crossed a ravine in the route and were arising to the plain, the place appointed for the sacrifice, the young warrior cut asunder the cords that confined the arms of the girl, lifted her to his saddle, and with his bow lashed his horse to full speed, before his countrymen could comprehend the meaning of his movements. He was half across the plain before pursuit was determined on; and then there were no horses at hand. He had concealed one in the next ravine, and the fugitives escaped the ill-arranged and worse-conducted pursuit of the Omahas. A solitary

runner came within arrow-shot of Split Cloud, but his race terminated there—he was shot to the heart. The fugitives retired to the recesses of the Black Mountains, and took up their abode there, until home affairs should present a more inviting prospect. Their wedding was thinly attended; but the blush of affection glowed as vividly on the cheek of the bride, as that which mantles over the neck more tastefully adorned, in civilized circles, on like occasions. The self-married pair passed a year in the solitude to which they had retired, content with the society each was able to afford the other, when Split Cloud deemed it advisable to revisit his nation. In this lone retreat he left his spouse, with the purpose of retracing his steps in the brief space of a few weeks. A sufficient supply of dried meat was left in the cave with its tenant, for the period of his intended absence.

When Split Cloud reached his native village, he found the whole tribe chaunting the death-song over an infinite number of the dead inhabitants of the nation. The small-pox had reached the Omahas, and many had already been swept off: very few recovered. The medicine-man claimed to have power over the disease, but his practice hitherto had been unsuccessful. He looked grave, and was evidently suffering with great alarm. The most common treatment of the patients, when afflicted with the inflammatory action of the disease, was immersion in cold water. This usually afforded speedy relief, and terminated all the ills of life—with extinction of life itself. At last, after many new and imposing tricks, death itself played the last masterly act on the imposter—and old Medicine himself departed. Blackbird had lived moodily apart from the tribe, and his dignity was likely to secure him against the infection. But when his high-priest died he attended his funeral obsequies. This happened a few days before the return of his son. Blackbird was considering what disposition should be made of the prodigal, when he was taken ill. From the moment the first symptoms were felt by the chief, he yielded to despair, and made his arrangements for the hunting-grounds beyond the grave. He desired that he might be buried with suitable variety of arms and ammunition, that his enemies might get no advantage of him. He probably anticipated meeting with the poisoned warriors, on the banks of the river Phlegethon. As he himself had apprehended, Blackbird was a victim to the disease. The funeral was grand and imposing. The warrior was placed erect on his hunting-horse, and thus, followed by the whole nation, he was conveyed into the grave that had been previously prepared, on the highest point of land, near to the Missouri river. The horse, alive, was forced into the

grave with the dead rider, and thus covered over. A small parcel of corn was placed before the animal; and Blackbird was supplied with dried meat, a kettle, his pipe and kinakanick, gun, with ammunition, bow and full quiver of arrows, and paints suitable for ornamenting his person, both in peace and war.

When the funeral was at an end, the trader arrived. His knowledge of the small-pox enabled him to save from its ravages the remainder of the tribe. All eyes were naturally turned on the son of Blackbird, as successor to the deceased chief. Young Split Cloud deemed himself so fortunate in the altered position he now occupied, having shifted the character of fugitive and culprit for the appointment of hereditary and popular chieftain, that he relaxed much of the despotism of his predecessor. Having settled the affairs of the nation and reduced the tariff, he found leisure to depart in search of his Pawnee wife. Autumn was far advanced when he left the Omaha towns, and, as he approached the mountains, winter, with its utmost rigor, set in. The emotions with which his savage and sensitive mind was agitated, had not the refinement of poetry, chastened with rhetorical arrangement, cadence and measure, to soften his suffering. He was not able to murmur, as he approached the place where he had deposited his treasure—

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and grow brighter when we come.'

But he had the elements of poetry rudely commingled with the romance of his reckless life, and his singular domestic arrangements. He found the partner of his life's vicissitudes in the cave where he had left her. She was sitting near the expiring coals of her last fagot of fuel, bending over a pair of babes, who were unconscious of the manifold evils of the world they had just entered, but sensibly aware of the pain of extreme hunger, which their mother was sharing with them. The holy fountain whence they had drawn supplies had been drained; and the famished mother sat the picture of patience and despair. Hope had hitherto pictured in her imagination a sunny spot, such as that which was about to break upon her in the arrival of her preserver. But gnawing necessity had carried her to that maddened point which fixed the cannibal purpose of eating one of her infants, to preserve herself and the other one, until the long-wished for relief should be realized. At the precise point of time when the person of her husband darkened the entrance of the cave, she held the knife in her hand, and was fondly lingering in the debate of her own mind, which should be made the victim—which dear object should be preserved at such countless cost. The

keen perceptions, the fine-drawn threads of affection, the result of protracted privation, lent unearthly vigor to her mind, when her final resolve was fixed, to perish with her offspring, and by the same innocent cause. She hurled the instrument of her bloody purpose far away into the dark recesses of the cavern, and placed the hungry babes upon her bosom as she sunk back in despair, unmitigated with a single ray of hope. At this critical instant, the young warrior, in the full vigor of manhood, animated with virtuous purposes, sprang forward and gave utterance to a scream of joy, imparting a like sensation to the suffering object of his solicitude. The interchange of sentiment was full of sadly pleasing emotions, as the long fast of the wife and mother was broken over a kettle, amply provided by the skill of the hunter.

Sixty suns had risen and set after the thrilling events just described, when the Omaha nation was made joyous with the appearance of Split Cloud. He was followed by his foreign wife, whom he had twice snatched from destruction, and who now repaid him with the smiles of two young braves, peering over each of her shoulders, from beneath the ample folds of—a new scarlet blanket.—*Alphonso Wetmore.*

MISCELLANY.

Recollections of a Portrait Painter.

To portray upon ivory the features which will probably grow blank in the dust long before even his fragile tints have faded;—to give to those who are parting with the one nearest and dearest to their hearts, some shadow of their visible presence;—*this* is the task of the Painter!

Many have been the glad, and many the sorrowful occasions upon which my pencil has been summoned; one or two of the scenes it is my purpose to lay before the reader, in colors, not bright, perhaps, but true.

Years have passed since, one morning in the early season, I was aroused from my labors in my studio by the arrival of a visitor. He was young, and there was in his air that which indicated the union of high birth and mental superiority; his manner was elegant, yet it was not without a touch of embarrassment.

'I have called,' said he, 'in the hope—in the belief that it is possible for an artist to take a likeness from—from memory—should there be a dislike to sitting?'

'I have been able to do so,' replied I, a little surprised at his marked confusion.

'If you would do it for me, I should be more grateful than you can imagine—but the circumstances are peculiar, and I am fearful

you may refuse; but,' added he, and his eyes filling with tears proclaimed his emotion, 'my happiness—my only chance of happiness is in your hands! I am about to leave England for years, and would wish to continue unknown to you. . . . but there is a lady—one in whom my very existence is bound up;—we have been brought up together, but—we must be separated. You shall see her, and if you will give me a sketch, however slight'—

For a moment he covered his face with his hands. I promised a ready compliance with his wishes, if he would instruct me how to proceed. It was arranged that I was to go with him that night to the opera—that I should see the arbitress of his fate—the keeper of his heart's treasure. 'One glance at her features,' he said, 'will be my best excuse!' It would have been impossible for me to hesitate long, for his passionate entreaties would have prevailed upon a far less sensitive nature than mine.

To the opera I went with him that night; and in all the dazzling circle around there was not one whose beauty could for a moment compare with that of the young and exquisite face which I was to remember! Who that had ever seen could forget it?

My companion entered her box, and the change that came over her bright cheek told its own tale, while the air of cold politeness with which the lady of stately and matronly appearance who was by her side, greeted his approach, showed that it was by stealth alone he could ever hope to win even the dim imperfectly-pictured resemblance of that glorious face.

Once more I went to gaze upon it; and with a throbbing heart I sketched its matchless features; I had caught the smile with which she welcomed him, and when I placed it before my stranger guest, I thought that, in the folly of his young love, he would have worshipped the hand which had given consolation to his exile!

Months passed by, when I received a request from Lord R—that I would paint a miniature of his 'fiancee.' I of course complied, and at the hour appointed for the sitting his Lordship entered the room, a lady leaning on his arm; the same eye, the same fair creature whom I had already sketched for another!

With cold and evident reluctance she allowed him to lead her to her seat. Beautiful as she still was, a shadow seemed to have passed over her; sorrow had been in the depths of those blue eyes and had stolen away the luster and the light that were native to them; while for the gladness of youth which I had seen in them before, there was a settled expression of despair.—I read in that face a fearful story!

The next day I was informed that Louisa G— was too unwell to resume her sitting. I heard at the same time that it was 'her father's will that she should become the bride of Lord R—.' A short time after I saw their union announced in the papers.

The next spring found me surrounded by the implements of the art I love, when one evening I received a hurried note from Lord R— requesting my immediate presence at the house in — street.

I went, and in the most agitated manner did he beg of me to take a likeness of his 'beautiful, his dying wife.'

Shocked beyond expression, I accompanied him to the drawing-room; there extended on a couch, was laid the wreck of the young girl I had seen, but one little year before, in all the 'pride and prodigality' of beauty!

The glorious eyes were sunk and dim; the exquisite features sharpened by the hand of death; the dark hair thrown back in the impatience of sickness! She welcomed me with a faint smile, but met her husband's anxious eye with an expression—which was not *love*.

I sat down to my sad task, and had scarcely commenced when a domestic brought, in a card. The pale cheek of Lady R— flushed deeply, as she tremblingly exclaimed, let him come in.

'My love,' interrupted lord R—, 'You are not well enough to see strangers.'

'Strangers! we were brought up together,' whispered the dying creature.

The door flew open and the visiter entered.—I knew him at the first glance. He walked hurriedly up to the sofa on which the lady sat, incapable of rising (though evidently anxious) to receive him. He appeared to see but one object in the apartment—of Lord R—'s presence he seemed wholly unconscious. He wildly pressed a pale, thin, cold hand to his lips—hers murmured some one word, that might be his name, but it was scarcely audible. The hand grew colder in his fevered pressure. Yes, even before Lord R— could interpose, or proffer assistance—she, with one long intense look upon features familiar to her from childhood, and imaged probably in her marriage dreams, had fallen back—the loveliest ruin eye ever beheld.

When I left that stately and splendid mansion it had no mistress.

The Biter Bit.

A PERSON who wore a suit of homespun clothes stepped into a house in this city, on some business, where several ladies and gentleman were assembled in an inner room. One of the company remarked in a low tone, though sufficiently loud to be overheard by the stranger, that a countryman was in

waiting, and agreed to make some fun. The following dialogue ensued:

'You're from the country I suppose?'

'Yees, I'm from the country.'

'Well sir, what do you think of the city?'

'It's got a 'tarnel sight of houses in it.'

'I expect there are a great many ladies where you came from.'

'O yees, a woundy sight, jist for all the world like them there,' pointing to the ladies.

'And you are quite a beau among them, no doubt.'

'Yees, I beau's 'em to meetin and about.'

May be the gentleman will take a glass of wine said one of the company.

'Thank'e dont care if I do.'

'But you must drink a toast.'

'I eats toast, what Aunt Debby makes, but as to drinkin it, I never see'd the like.'

'Oh, you must drink their health.'

'With all my heart.'

What was the surprise of the company to hear the stranger speak clearly as follows.

'Ladies and gentleman, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every other blessing this earth can afford, and advise you to bear in mind that we are often deceived by appearances. You mistook me, by my dress, for a country booby, I, from the same cause thought these men to be gentleman, the deception was mutual—I wish you good evening.'—*Ledger.*

Enterprise is Wealth.

BY PIERPONT.

So true it is that mechanical ingenuity, enterprise and skill, are to a great extent capable of preponderating against numbers, in almost every thing that contributes to the efficient power of the state, when that ingenuity and art will become the allies of science, and walk, and work in light which the lamp of science sheds. Thus it is obvious that a practical mechanic, who has acquired so much of the mathematical and physical sciences as to enable him to carry on the details of his trade to the greatest advantage possible;—the scientific man who converts his knowledge to a practical use, by applying it to mechanical operations;—the capitalist who calls forth the dormant energies of iron mines, and gives profitable employment to the streams that have for ages been running to waste;—the artisan who constructs a piece of operative machinery, or who superintends and directs its movements;—the merchant, who sends manufactures away for a market—all these in the respective departments, contribute something, and not a little to the prosperity and protection of the essential interest of the state. The influence of each of these men is felt beyond the immediate circle of its operations. He is making the state stronger, making other states her debt-

ors; and is putting forth an efficient power, to preponderate against two or ten men who in another state, are laboring with no other implements than their hands and these simple mechanical aids which are furnished in the family or in the fields, where their arts are only in their infancy.

We occasionally hear of a simpering, double refined young lady boasting that she never labored, and could not for the life of her make a pudding, as though ignorance of those matters was a mark of gentility and a leaning towards European nobility. There can be no greater proof of silly arrogance than such remarks, and for the special benefit of such, we would kindly inform them that Madame de Genlis supported the family of the Duc de Orleans, (and among them the present reigning monarch of France) in London by the sale of her drawings; one of the duchesses of the same court maintained herself and husband in Bath, by teaching a music school, and the Queen herself kept her family by plaiting bonnets. These examples we hope will have their influence, where examples of our own good countrywomen who would be spurned as vulgar republican models.—*Mechanic and Farmer.*

CHEATING UNCLE SAM.—A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the Baltimore Post Office, and money to pay the postage. When he returned he said 'I guess I did the thing slick; I see'd a good many folks puttin letters into the office through a hole, so I watched my chance, and got mine in for nothin.'

Don't be frightened if misfortune stalks into your humble habitation. She sometimes takes the liberty of walking into the presence-chamber of Kings.

SWEETS OF LIBERTY.—An Irishman escaped from a prison by jumping out of a window. He came down upon the head of a molasses hogshead, which broke and let him in up to the middle.

'Faith,' said he as he scrambled out, 'I have often heard of the *swates of liberty*, but never knew what it meant before.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

S. H. Canton, N. Y. \$1.00; A. C. Richmond, Ms. \$1.00
G. P. T. Fall River, Ms. \$1.00.

DIED.

In this city, on the 25th ult. Julia, daughter of George and Lydia Whitlock, aged 2 years and 10 months.

On the 20th ult. Harriet L. Montfort, adopted daughter, of Robert B. Jenkins, aged 18 months.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. Ann Benson, in her 18th year.

On the 28th ult. Henry, son of Henry and Jane Porter, aged 3 months.

On the 1st inst. Charles, son of Lewis and Sally Little, in the 7th year of his age.

At New-York, on the 2d inst. Cyrus Bunker, in the 34th year of his age.

At Livingston, on the 26th ult. Roswell, youngest child of Almet and Helen Reed.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

The Use of Flowers.

BY MARY HOWITT.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night.

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then, wherefore, had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man—to whisper hope;
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For whoso careth for the flowers;
Will care much more for him!

From the Courant.

The Bride of the Fallen.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN—ARMY.

MOTHER! raise my drooping head!
Let the pure and placid sky,
Looking down upon my bed,
Smile upon me ere I die:
When the star of eve was bright,
Gazing on its silver brow,
Once I loved that vesper light:
—Let it shine upon me now.

Lift the curtain's jealous fold
Where it intercepts the ray,
See you not that beam of gold
Struggling on my couch to lay?
Ere it met my dying eyes
Sweet I dreamed some angel fair,
Watching o'er me from the skies,
Sent it down to guide me there.

In the hour yon star grows pale,
Then the pledge redeemed shall be;
Time nor distance may prevail,
'Twas the sign he gave to me:
Mark them gliding side by side,
Fading star and sunset cloud:—
Mother! like a soldier bride
Dying near a crimson shroud.

Mother, take in thine my hand—
See you not the light decay?
—Let the breeze from battle-land
O'er my burning temples stray!
Music like a cymbal's tone
Strangely rings upon my ear:
If it be his spirit's moan,
—Tell him that the bride is near.

Mother!—But the tears which flow
Down thy cheek drop fast on mine—
Weep not, mother, that I go
Where the stars forever shine;
Where the sky is never dim,
Far beyond the trumpet's swell,
Weep not that I seek for him—
Mother—mother—fare thee well!

To my Babe.

BY DELTA.

THERE is no sound upon the night—
As by the shaded lamp I trace,
My babe, in infant beauty bright,
The changes of thy sleeping face.
Hallowed forever be the hour
To us, throughout all time to come,
Which gave us thee—a living flower—
To bless and beautify our home.
Thy presence is a charm, which wakes
A new creation to my sight;
Gives life another look, and makes
The withered green, the faded bright.

Pure as the lily of the brook,
Heaven's signet on thy forehead lies,
And Heaven is read in every look,
My daughter, of thy soft blue eyes.
In sleep, thy little spirit seems
To some bright realm to wander back,
And seraphs, mingling with thy dreams,
Allure thee to their shining track.
Already, like a vernal flower,
I see thee opening to the light,
And day by day, and hour by hour,
Becoming more divinely bright.

Yet in my gladness stirs a sigh,
Even for the blessing of thy birth,
Knowing how sins and sorrows try
Mankind, and darken o'er the earth!
Ah, little dost thou ween, my child,
The dangers of the way before,
How rocks in every path are piled,
Which few unharmed can clamber o'er.
Sweet bud of beauty, how oft wilt thou
Endure the bitter tempest's strife?
Shall thy blue eyes be dimmed—thy brow
Indented by the cares of life?

If years are spared to thee—alas!
It may be—ah! it must be so;
For all that live and breathe, the glass
Which must be quaffed, is dragged with wo.

Yet, ah, if prayers could aught avail,
So calm thy sky of life should be,
That thou shouldst glide, beneath the sail
Of virtue, o'er a stormless sea:

And ever on thy thoughts, my child,
The sacred truth should be impressed—
Grief clouds the soul to sin beguiled,
Who liveth best, God loveth best.

Across thy path, Religion's star
Should ever shed its healing ray,
To lead thee from this world's vain jar
To scenes of peace and purer day.

Shun vice—the breath of her abode
Is poisoned, though with roses strown,
And cling to Virtue, though the road
Be thorny—boldly travel on!

For thee I ask not riches—thou
Wert wealthy with a spotless name;
I ask not beauty—for thy brow
Is fair as my desires could claim.

Be thine a spirit loathing guilt,
Kind, independent, pure, and free,
Be like thy mother,—and thou wilt
Be all my soul desires to see!

From the Knickerbocker for January.

Trust in Heaven.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!—MOORE.

TRUST in Heaven!—when o'er thy path,
Clouds and tempests come in wrath:
When thy grief oppresseth thee,
When obscured thy prospect be,
When around thee mists are driven,
Heed them not, but trust in heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—when morning lifts
Up her head and casts her gifts,
Light and dew, upon the earth;
When she brings the blossoms forth,
Till shall shine the stars of even,
For a safeguard, trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—when there afar
Burneth many a glorious star;
Canst thou doubt when thus her light
Gleams unshadowed through the night,
That protection may be given
To thy pillow?—trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—when one by one
Swift the waves of hope glide on,
Leaving thee a wreck at last
On the shore whence they have passed!
Though thy heart be wrung and riven,
Still forever trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—when from its way
Those thou lovest go astray;
Strive, still strive to bring them back
To its straight and thornless track;
And that truth may soon be given.
To their spirits, trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—it shall not fail,
When the darkest griefs prevail;
And when Death at length shall come,
When around thee spreads his gloom,
Pray that thou mayst be forgiven—
Place thy dearest trust in Heaven!

Notice.

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